The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

Being the Anſwer of fair Flora to the Shepherds Song: Wherein ſhe ſhews that he hath done the wrong.

FYe, Shepherd fie, thou art to blame
to rail againſt me in this ſort:
Thou doſt diſgrace a Sweet-hearts name,
To give thy Love a falſe report.

There was a Proverb uſed of old,
and now I find it is no lye,
One Tale is good till the other's told,
ſhe that lobes moſt is leaſt let by.

A brief Deſcription I will tell,
of thy labor, lobe and flattery,
And how at firſt thou didſt excell
with cunning tricks and policy.

But Oh that flattering tongue of thine,
and tempting eye ſought to intice,
And to inſnare the heart of mine,
and bring me in fools Paradiſe.

When thou at firſt began to woo,
and with thy skill my patience tryed,
You thought there was no more to do,
But preſently get up and ride.

Thou ſaidſt that I was fair and bright,
and fitting for thy Marriage bed,
Thou fedſt my fancy with delight,
thinking to have my Maiden-head.

But when thou ſawſt thou couldſt not gain
the Jem that thou deſireſt to have,
My company thou didſt refrain,
like to a falſe diſſembling Knave.

Whereby I anſwered thus, and ſaid,
to ſhun the cauſe of further ſtrife,
I would contain my ſelf a Maid,
till ſuch time I was made a wife.

And ſince that you my minde have croſt,
you may beſtow you as you will:
Shepherd, farewell, theres nothing loſt
I am reſolved to ſay ſo ſtill.

Blinde Cupid with his wounding dart
could never make me ſorrows feel:
Ile not lay that unto my heart
as others ſhake off with the heel.

FINIS. L. P.

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